

THE PEOPLE'S NEWSPAPER:—Devoted to Religion, Politics, Education, Mining, and General Intelligence, Foreign and Domestic.—INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.

NO. 22.

B A T T L E S

FOUGHT DURING THE GREAT AMERICAN REBELLION, A. D. 1862.

J. MCBURNEY. **J. HIGGINS.**
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...the inflation of the people is beyond belief. But, does such a terrible army is ready, and my heart says to me to witness the tens of thousands flocking to Washington upon them to write some fiery, inflammatory, inspiring notes, to urge upon the South to exalt itself to the utmost.

"A new draft ought immediately to call out

THESE BRITISH MOONLIGHT NIGHTS.—As the sun goes down at its setting, these early October days, the moon rises, while yet his golden glow mellow the long line of the coast range, the rounded lesser orb is flooding with her borrowed rays the nearer eastern hills. Transiently, the scene, when the stars shine but palely in her beams. Distinctly visible from the bluff from which we look are the peaks of the Sierra Nevada, a few miles distant, the Lassen Buttes, rising ghost-like from their midst. To the west we see the dim outlines of the range at whose base the dark Pacific thunders. The scattered groves make music as the breeze sifts through their dark green boughs, and all else is pulseless silence, for the silver dancing of the river is seen, but not heard, in the distance below. How gloriously the moon rises upward into the sky, how swiftly it glides as it ascends, and revealing one by one new objects of wonder and interest to the view! Yonder fields in the wide-spread ether a solitary cloud of pearly whiteness. How like some snowy swan upon a tranquil sea it glides! How sweet a faith, could we but believe it a white-winged wanderer from some far shore where Purity and Peace walk hand in hand, and everlasting Gladness smiles among the islands of the Blest. Such moonlight nights few lands can rival. The sun sets and we scarcely miss his brightness, so broad, and full, and clear is the night which beams in his stead.—*Red Bluff Beacon.*

The Northern papers are constantly publishing quotations from letters taken on board captured vessels. One, particularly, 'from Ward to his wife in Paris, taken in the emphasis in which the sum and substance

was, that the cause of the Confederacy had gone up, etc., repeated several times, that it was 'utterly hopeless.' Another to the same purport from a niece of President Davis, and many others. Then your people are so quick and energetic enough. You have no idea of the zeal, eagerness, and determination existing here to 'exterminate the rebels'; utterly and thoroughly to 'exterminate the South.' Recruiting is going on with immense success, and the men are not impressed. I have been two weeks in the North, all eyes and ears, and standing a very strong chance of being arrested myself; living behind a mask, and acting a part, yet trembling every moment and afraid to speak. With my own eyes I have been tolerated, because they think me a 'mole and dove,' and they pity me. In town, however, was seen and solely on their account, when asked, I told the truth and discouraged the war.

The infatuation of the people is beyond belief. But, dear sir, a terrible army is ready, and my heart has sunk within me to witness the tens of thousands flocking to Washington

of hale, strong, hearty men, well equipped and furnished with every requirement. To-day, by chance, I was on the train with Gen. Corcoran from Philadelphia to New York, and by a strange coincidence he is coming to-night to this very hotel, which is about to be illuminated. The reception, demonstrations and processions exceed all that has ever been known in New York, excepting when the Prince of Wales was here. My eyes swam in tears and my heart grew sick at what I saw and heard—the reports of his life in the South, and the extraordinary feeling for him here. Why, there were alone Irish enough to advance upon Richmond, besides fire companies, regiments of cavalry, infantry, militia, regulars, police, *Sous-py*, Germans, all strong, and fighting men; and car-loads pass us every where, and close something like the Couriers, but probably this will do more good if you show it to the editors, and urge upon them to write some fiery, inflammatory, inspiring articles, to urge upon the South to exert itself to the utmost.

A new draft ought immediately to call out

very man under forty-five, and must; and all the side clerks ought to be immediately shifted out, and all the easy smokers, who grumble because they can't all be captains. If they have any spirit they will at least make wares, and not let the valuable booty be burned up instead of carried off, when the country needs it so much. I tremble for fear this should not arrive in time to be of any use; but in two weeks three hundred thousand men will be between Richmond and the Potomac, and many new gunboats and powerful cannon. I don't stop to let them outreach us. 'Now or never,' I fear, is the cry. I mail this on my way to the European steamer. Send this wherever it will benefit the cause, and do, ray, excite the people and rouse them.

METAPHYSICAL science has suffered more from physical comparisons than from any other cause. The link of resemblances has often been a fetter of slavery; the illustration of an idea has been mistaken for the proof of a system. The world has sometimes been, for ages, a thralldom to a simile.—*Schiller*, *1794*

A FRENCH CONFIDENCE-MAN.

Jean Jacques Regis de Cambaceres, who was Second Consul under Bonaparte, and Arch-Chancellor of the Empire, was one of the few French publicists who obtained high position without fighting for it. Himself a lawyer, he belonged to what was called one of the old families of France. He was created Duke of Parma and a Prince of the Empire. He was Napoleon's faithful and trusted friend, and his practical knowledge of the law was of great use when the Code Napoleon was being framed. He had one great merit in office—no man gave better dinners. The natural result was that he had many friends, and he was a very popular man. He was called one of the old families of France. He was created Duke of Parma and a Prince of the Empire. He was Napoleon's faithful and trusted friend, and his practical knowledge of the law was of great use when the Code Napoleon was being framed. He had one great merit in office—no man gave better dinners. The natural result was that he had many friends, and he was a very popular man.

A magnificent carriage drove up, one day, to the door of a rich jeweler in Paris, and a well-known, important, and over-dressed gentleman alighted from it. He said that he wanted a complete wedding parure, consisting of a lady's set of diamond ornaments, the price limited to 200,000 francs, equal to \$40,000. From several designs, which he examined with the evidently practiced eye of a connoisseur, he selected one, which he desired might be executed within five days, and insisted on leaving four thousand dollars with the jeweler as a deposit. He also selected a ring worth 120 francs, which he begged might be sent to him the next day, giving his address, Prince Gargarin, Hotel Hollande, Rue de la Paix, which was a more fashionable house in 1805 than it is in 1862.

The jeweler's messenger called at the appointed time, and was shown into an apartment in the second story. There were five or six liveried lackeys in the ante-chamber, one of whom escorted him to the prince, who received and examined the ring, paid for it and presented ten francs to the messenger, who returned home, joyfully congratulating the jeweler on having so wealthy and liberal a customer.

On the fifth day, as agreed, the jeweler carried home the diamonds, and found the prince in his study, sitting before his cylindrical secretary. His Highness minutely inspected the jewels with a glass, and suddenly one of the valets announced, "Prince Dolgorouki."

"Ah! my brother-in-law," exclaimed his Highness. "Do not wish him to see the present with which I intend surprising his sister. Request him to stay in the drawing room and I will immediately join him."

Touching the table, the cylinder moved and the secretaire closed. The diamonds were within it—but on the table was an open box filled with leather bags, and numerous rouleaux of louis were huddled together confusedly. On his arrival the jeweler had noticed all this treasure and more especially a large Russia-leather portfolio, well lined with bank notes, the rough edges of which were visible.

The prince quitted the room, saying that he would immediately return. The polite jeweler begged he would not hurry himself. Twenty minutes elapsed, which seemed like three hours to the jeweler, over whom a vague apprehension crept. The door opened—O! here is his Highness, he thought. No; it was the master of the hotel, who asked if he was waiting for any one? "For the return of Prince Gargarin," the jeweler answered. "I have just sold him a set of diamonds for 200,000 francs. Are you his secretary?" The *maitre d'hotel* shook his head and sadly said, "I am his dupe, and so are you, I suppose." "Impossible! The diamonds are shut up in the secretaire. Besides, look at all this money."

Alas, the leather bag which he seized was filled with nails. The rouleaux were of wood. The Russian leather portfolio contained scraps of waste paper. However, there was one consolation—the diamonds were safe. A locksmith was sent for—the secretaire opened and—empty! It stood flush up against a wall, in which a hole had been made, and there being a corresponding hole in the back of the secretaire, the jewels had readily been removed into the next room. The jeweler, as he well might be, was in despair. The master of the hotel had been swindled. All the servants were his except the *valet de chambre*, who was the confederate of "the prince." They had decamped, without suspicion, at the door of the hotel. All efforts to discover them were ineffectual.

The poor jeweler, nearly ruined by this robbery had to remove his diminished business to another part of Paris, where his name was run in that of his partners. Many years after, he received a message to one Monsieur Teron, described as a gentleman holding an official situation, who desired to purchase some rings. Instead of sending a clerk, he went himself, and was shown into a partially lighted bed-chamber, where, in the invalid bed, he recognized his old customer, the *cidevant* Prince Gargarin. The recognition was not mutual, and the jeweler held his tongue and bided his time.

From the rings exhibited a few were selected to the value of 6,000 francs, and M. Teron, declaring that he had not the means of paying in cash, asked the jeweler if he would exchange against a curious old snuff box which he declared to be of great value. This was an octagon-shaped, china snuff box, ornamented with ten miniatures of Glichestell, set in gold and rubies. No one knew its value so well as the old jeweler, for it was one which had been stolen from himself shortly before Prince Gargarin's visit. Moreover, he knew what few others did, that it had a secret spring, by means of which all the miniatures could be taken out of their settings, and their reverses exhibited, on which were painted subjects treated with admirable skill in the indecipherable style peculiar to the age of Louis XV. Without any hesitation the jeweler valued the box at 50,000 francs, which was much greater than M. Teron expected. The jeweler, on the other hand, said it was probably worth even more, and made this proposal: "Take the rings you have chosen, and put the box in an envelope, stating it to be my property; if it does not bring more than 50,000 francs you shall have the rings for nothing."

Gratified at the idea of being able to obtain the rings without opening his purse, M. Teron assented. Two of his neighbors, one of them a Notary, were sent for, and the invalid asked, "Who shall fix the price of the box?" "You, sir," said the jeweler. I will lay a wager that you will value it at 50,000 francs. Let me tell you, in private, a circumstance connected with this box which will enable you to perceive its real value."

M. Teron, curious and anxious enough now, gave his consent, and the two referees retired. Then the jeweler said, "Sixteen years ago that snuff-box was stolen from me, when I traded on the Boulevard des Italiens; a few days before I was robbed of 200,000 francs worth of diamonds, by yourself, under the assumed name of Prince Gargarin. My evidence relative to the loss of the box is on the

records of the police. You now declare the box to be yours. I have already sworn that I purchased it at a public sale. The man who sold it to me is still alive. I know a secret about the box which will further prove my ownership—a secret which you have not discovered. Unless you fully repair all the wrongs you have done me, I shall at once have you arrested as a thief. I give you five minutes to determine."

Within that time, thus driven into a corner, M. Teron, who was really an invalid, handed his keys to the jeweler, and bade him open a drawer, in which he would find 300,000 francs in billets de banque, and signed a check for 200,000 francs more, payable at his banker's that same day. This done, the witnesses were recalled.

"Gentlemen," said the jeweler, exhibiting bank notes and check, "you see that M. Teron has become aware of the value of the box. He has purchased it back from me for five hundred thousand francs. Is it not so?" "Yes," sighed M. Teron; I have given him that sum."

"Then," said the jeweler, "here is the box, and I will now have the rings into the bargain. You may explain the mystery as you please; for my part I promise eternal secrecy."

The jeweler retired, leaving the witnesses in amazement and M. Teron in dismay. The notary was unable to keep silent, and the police eventually unraveled the mystery, though the jeweler fully observed his promise of secrecy. M. Teron, who was so immensely rich as to leave three millions of francs to his heirs, never recovered from the mortification of having been detected and compelled to refund, with compound interest.

Thus ended M. Pasquier's anecdote of a French confidence-man.

A VENERABLE lady in her hundredth year lost her daughter, who had attained the good old age of eighty. The mother's grief was great; and to a friend who came to console with her, she remarked, "Oh dear! Oh dear! I knew I should never be able to raise that child."

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500 lbs sulph. Lead,

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500 lbs sulph. Palladium,

500 lbs sulph. Rhodium,

500 lbs sulph. Iridium,

500 lbs sulph. Osmium,

500 lbs sulph. Selenium,

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500 lbs sulph. Barium,

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500 lbs sulph. Sodium,

500 lbs sulph. Lithium,

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500 lbs sulph. Cesium,

500 lbs sulph. Francium,

500 lbs sulph. Actinium,

500 lbs sulph. Thorium,

500 lbs sulph. Uranium,

500 lbs sulph. Neptunium,

500 lbs sulph. Plutonium,

500 lbs sulph. Americium,

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